

Board of Health

INTERFERENCE.

Baneſul Interference of the Old Board

Small-Pox Hospital,

*As Conducted by the Old Board and City
Councils, namely: The Flanders',
the Wiltz', and the Leeds'
Councils.*

Have we, in our miſt, Modocs worſe than thoſe of the Lava-beds ?

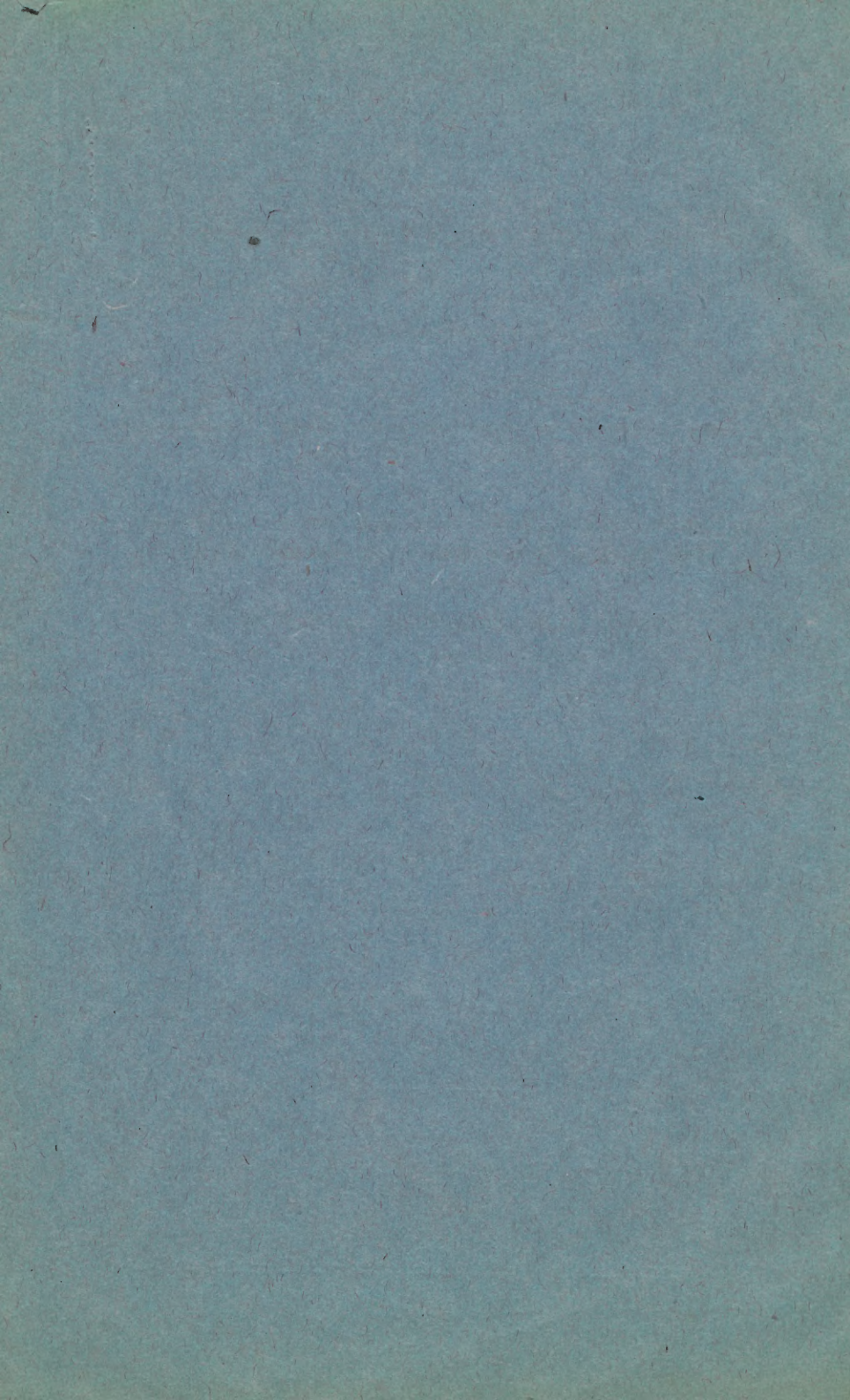
Have we, in our miſt, Ghouls worſe than thoſe of Old ?

By J. J. HAYES, Surgeon and M.D.



NEW ORLEANS.

1876.



AR SEP 7 1950

BOARD OF HEALTH INTERFERENCE

Baneful Interference of Old Board.

SMALL-POX HOSPITAL,

*As Conducted by the Old Board and City Councils, namely: The Flanders',
the Wilks' and the Leeds' Councils.*

Have we, in our midst, Modocs worse than those of the Lava-beds?

Have we, in our midst, Ghouls worse than those of old?

By J. J. HAYES, Surgeon and M.D.

An incident pregnant with evil, with thrilling pain and a fatal issue, having transpired under view, should dictate a duty, should impose an obligation to submit the same to public attention in order to invoke in relation to it, a public consideration. This exigency becomes more urgent should it be deemed a moral delinquency to omit aught that could prevent its recurrence; for unless disposed to participate in the ghastly iniquity, the observer who witnessed its cruel phases, aspects and effects, should resort to due means to prevent its recurrence; should trace it to its cause, to its authors, in order to stay the baneful and melancholy consequences of this fell, inhuman cause; and in order to summon its authors for authority and subject the same to public scrutiny.

Recently a female child, in order to see a funeral pageant, remained exposed for some time to wet and cold, and took a cold. Called upon professionally the following day, I rang a bell at the dwelling, and a very elegant, very graceful lady admitted me. With much dignity and a very commanding address, she appealed to the highest sense of delicacy, of honor, saying: she was a lone lady but the sickness of an only child excluded other alternative than to receive me; and she conducted me to the retired apartment where her child lay. The child suffered from a slight cold and a cough, a "bronchitis," not serious; had *nothing* of a serious character. The child was very beautiful, had very fine proportions of the head; and a glance could reveal *nascent* intellectual faculties developed in advance of her age and in accordance with the physical conditions. I prescribed for the indications then present and told the mother the only danger was a tendency of the blood to the head by reason of the above favorable conditions. I withdrew, not entertaining the slightest misgiving.

At break of day the next morning, the mother called me and, an ominous trepidation in her manner, told me her child vomited blood that night. Knowing how remote from danger the child lay, I became much perplexed to know what could have happened. When at the dwelling, the lady told me in accents of subsiding indignation, and yet tremulous with emotions of a vague fear, that two policemen had called yesterday and entered her premises against her consent saying they had "authority," and insisted on being conducted to the sleeping apartment of the sick child. That, notwithstanding the pain, the mortification such aggression gave her, she submitted, in consequence of the authority which they claimed; and, though a prey to contending emotions of pride and fear, she conducted them to the retired room where her child lay. Here, not satisfied with having entered the room and seen the child, they jerked the bed covering off her, denuding her and exposing her delicate person to a frozen atmosphere. The day being very cold, the temperature being about forty, on the 2d of January, and with their frozen impious hands intended only to manipulate criminals they handle and feel the exquisite person of this sick child. The servants said they were in quest of small-pox: and behold! when this complaint exists it can be seen on the face, and when not on the face it is *nowhere*.

The indignity and mortification hitherto experienced appeared as nothing in presence of the dread fear of a forcible parting, wresting and sequestration of the sick child from the anxious parent, and vice versa, which now for a moment, for a time of insane agony presented

itself to the minds of both, only gradually subsiding by the absence of aught that could sanction this cruel inquisition. So far I had gleaned from the recital of the mother; but I had scarcely entered the sick room when the little gifted being, now speaking incoherently, lisped out denunciations of the strange and uncalled intrusion of the previous day. She was now delirious and all indicated that the brain was involved—that the brain alone was seriously involved. Immediately the most active means were put in requisition, but despite all she got worse and worse, until 1 o'clock of the second night after the intrusive inquisition, when she expired.

There now transpired a scene of mental anguish, well calculated to thrill the most obdurate. The mother, seeing death inevitable, could not brave the last scene. She went on foot, at 12 o'clock at night, from Canal street to the Third District, in quest of an aged mother, to be enabled by her presence to witness her child breathing her death adieu. When she returned the child belonged to the past, and now fixing her eyes on the inanimate object she stood at some distance with clasped, uplifted hands, unable to move; unable to advance; would advance a little and again become motionless as marble—an ominous stillness, an awe-inspiring dread seemed to impede her, to intervene between her and now that object of clay. This transpiring, I withdrew, truly wishing to escape, dreading to witness the extreme agony which relentless Fate exacts. When the mother approached and they met, and the mother found only silence, stillness and cold clay, instead of that warm, animated creature whose intelligence lit, shone and flashed, and whose soul breathed the spirit and essence of her God.

I could declare upon oath, that to the best of my knowledge, as derived from the medical sciences, this melancholy result was chiefly caused by that rude intrusion, this barbaric inquisition. I would appeal to the medical men having studied in Europe or the North, to say if a shock of this character could not, did not cause the tragic end in question. Why! hale, vigorous adults have been known to succumb to extreme shocks—surprises, even welcome surprises, of an intense character, have often led to fatal results—but unwelcome ones, those teeming with a horror, with a dread which inflicts a torment compared with which death may be deemed a bliss, namely: the separation of the child from the mother, intensified by the sickness of the child and the dreary gloom impending over the whereabouts of her new abode. Such, I maintain, convey in their track danger, agony and death.

What! the myrmidions of crime at the bed-side of a god-like child; policemen, peelers, whose very name exhales an abnormal dread, invading, desecrating the sleeping room of a sick child and denuding, examining, despite the will of the mother, the person of this child in quest of something, as if to be sick were a criminal act. Those inquisitors, executors of dark deeds, of guilt, violating, desecrating the immunity, the sanctity of a home, of retired apartments, of sick apartments, contriving by their baneful intrusion to impart to sickness the complexion, the hue of crime. An inquisition of this character, in the presence of and despite the will of the mother, transgresses, offers violence to the most sacred relations implanted by the hand of God upon the human soul, to-wit: the relations between the mother and the child—the first, superior, the supreme right of the mother to the person and health of the child; those relations which began with eternity and can terminate only with eternity; which originated with God and can only cease to have an active existence when God severs the link between Him and mankind; yet, hallowed, sacred as those relations have ever been and destined ever to be, those culprit inquisitors have dared to ignore, defy and trample upon them by denuding and examining the exquisite person of this female child in the presence of her mother, without her permission and against her will. Yet, of that overflowing chalice from which the mother, under duress of that dismal authority claimed, was compelled to partake of such rich draughts, the most cruel was the harrowing, insane fear of the forcible parting of the child from the mother, the severance by military force, *per vis et armes*, of the sick child from the anxious parent, denying the latter the boon of expanding her tender, anxious solicitude in behalf of the child, and denying the little interesting being the comfort, the ecstatic balm of the care and presence of the mother; in a word, the arresting by peelers, the myrmidions of criminal law, of the little innocent and her incarceration in a fetid dungeon or the prison, whence the child could not come out and where the mother could not go in. The arrest and imprisonment of a small child for the crime of being sick! Both the mother and the child partook of this beverage, both knowing that officials styled "Board of Health" have been wont of late years to arrest children, parents, husbands and wives, to snatch them from their homes and from their nearest and dearest, and incarcerate them in a loathsome hovel styled Hospital, where death is mostly inevitable and whose *prestige* is as sinister as that which a *charnel-house* inspires. True, those janissaries, those dogs of war, did not make an arrest and incarcerate in this instance; not finding a trail they slunk away, but their baneful intrusion exhaling a ghastly menace left a trail. To give solemnity to their mission, they were of different hue: one was dark in complexion, hailing from the regions of the sun; the other might claim any if not all the colors of the rain-bow, the ensemble indicating that he came originally from the dusky regions where the Polar bear prowls.

Could an inquisition of this character, surpassing in barbarism any thing known or read of in the records of the darkest ages, have other than a baneful, fatal effect on a child of surpassing intellectual and moral developments? Could the perturbed condition of the mother, harrowed by an ineffable fear escape a child of such endowments and perceptions? No, as quick as light or lightning her nascent mind, wont to glow, sparkle and dazzle, felt the overwhelming shock, and that embryo-luminary of Heaven glowed, sparkled and dazzled no more. From the bitter chalice tendered, there were showered on the mind of the little invalid, already contending with, suffering from sickness, all the moral impressions within the order of the painful, baneful and fatal entailing death, that sequence, that penalty in which an inexorable Fate in her utmost and final effort expends her cruelty. At the dissolution a benignant Nature intervenes, stilling the pain and giving eternal peace to the victim; but the mother who survives is ignored, consigned to a torment, to a durable agony.

The above tragic, fatal incident had scarcely transpired when the city press furnished a striking illustration, reporting quite an analogous case which happened in Paris, to-wit: A lady of superior rank, unaccompanied, but tastefully, elegantly disguised, at a masquerade ball, faltered in her gait after supper, the wine having somewhat affected her. A policeman, a "gens d'armes," thinking her of inferior rank, put a hand on her shoulder as if for arrest, and the lady fell—fell dead. The dread horror inspired, the blight of that profane touch killed the lady. A few days ago the papers reported the case of an Irish woman who died from excessive happiness on being furnished the means of returning to her country; having met with only reverses in this.

No. 1.—The generous and humane will wish to know who are the authors of this invasion of homes, those barbaric inquisitions and inhuman arrests; of this incarceration in an abode where gloomy forebodings impend, where fatal results generally await the innocent prisoners? They will wish to know who did or could confer an authority of such an aggressive and doleful character? The Board of Health are the agents, the instruments who commit the transgressions. The City Administrators have assumed to confer the authority, or jointly they have conspired to usurp the authority and perpetrate the acts. Hence, the Board of Health are the perpetrators; the City Administrators are the authors, or have arrogated to themselves the power to confer the authority.

Some quarter of a century ago the State Legislature, under the belief that yellow fever was not indigenous, that it originated in foreign countries, enacted a provision against its introduction, namely: Quarantine. The act provides a special police for the execution of its provisions. The act defined their duties and exacted the indignity that the instruments of its execution should be believers in its efficacy—in the efficacy of that barbaric absurdity of a remote time. Some time previous the City Council, contemplating sanitary measures, instituted a police board to prevent impurities, substances in decay from reaching or sojourning in the city. Both corps became merged into one and was designated Board of Health.

It now remains to be seen how a Board instituted for such purposes could arrogate the power to invade homes despite the will of the proprietors; to execute inquisitions; to arrest sick children, as if they were criminals; to arrest fathers, husbands and wives; and sever, tear the children from the parents, the parents from the children; the husbands from the wives and wives from the husbands, and consign, incarcerate them in an asylum where hope seldom dared to enter. The Board from its inception became aggressive, and in the opinion of many a deleterious nuisance; but, until six years ago, it confined its action and interference to yellow fever and quarantine, or the ship and travel detention intended to prevent it.

In 1870 three events of a sinister character and most cruel results were enacted. The City Administration—the Flanders one—passed two ordinances, and the Board of Health multiplied itself. Ordinance No. 1 changed the mode of paying for small-pox patients; instead of paying by the day they make it so much per patient. For all previous time, the pay was \$3 per day; they now make it \$50 per patient. Instead of a per diem they make it a per capita. The change seemed rather strange, for patients treated properly, the remuneration being much the same; the per capita being very little more. In the latter case, let the patient remain one day or one hour in Hospital the pay was the same as if they had remained several days. Ordinance No. 2 instructed, authorized the Board of Health to send small-pox to the Hospital designated by them, viz: The Anfoux's Hospital.

EVENT No. 3.—The Board of Health responded promptly; it multiplied itself into as many Boards as there were Districts in the City, locating the young Boards in the several Districts, one in each District. These new Boards were named health offices; they consisted of two policemen and an overseer. The overseer or inspector was generally, not necessarily, some kind of a doctor, any kind would answer. Strictly speaking they were military posts, consisting of a civic military force, viz: two peelers and a peeler captain. The military posts established, the strategic positions taken, the civic soldiers are let loose; they scour, scout their respective Districts in quest of small-pox patients; they invade the homes of innocent people, establish, enact inquisitions, and the object of their search, of their invasions found, they arrest him as a criminal, and nolens volens, per fas aut nefas, they abduct, force and convey him to the Hospital under City patronage. The Captains take pride in the chase and endorse the findings and doings. The peelers execute; the Captains sign their names in approval. The Captains come in at the heel of the hunt and say, well done! To state it plainer, the peelers make a written statement of the domiciliary visits, inquisitions and arrests made by them; under the statement they write the word—Approved. The Captains sign their name under, in token of approval. That is their only duty; their only work; and for this the City Government pays them \$150 per month—\$800 or \$1200 per month for the Captains. Very good for the Captains!

Now a new era takes place in the history of Hospitals. For the first time since creation dawned they become compulsory. For the first time in the history of the world are military posts established to operate in their behalf; for the first time are military operations enacted against the innocent sick; for the first time are janisseries put in requisition to hunt up patients for them. Those humane institutions, ever until now, teeming with benignity and patiently waiting the discretion, will and pleasure of the indigent and sick to welcome them and confer on them succor, health and relief, now, for the first time, become arbitrary, tyrannical, ignore the will, the pleasure of the creatures, and resort to brute force to compel them to enter. Now, assuming the alert, acting on the qui vive, they let loose the dogs of war to scout and reconnoiter their respective commands, and the unhappy sick suspended between life and death, and dependent on humanity, thus tracked, hunted up, unearthed, are seized, arrested as criminals of the deepest dye, as felons; and in defiance of the most sacred rights, lacerating the most endearing affinities woven by the hand of God, they are torn, severed, the children and husbands from the parents and wives, and abducted and imprisoned where death is not supposed to be far away.

When the lot fell on DeKline, of Algiers—a victim to the inexorable fiat—at the door of his dwelling, leaving for the "City Refugees," his wife hailed him, saying: "DeKline, let me see you once more, for I will never see you again!" Such was the feeling entertained in this community for some years in relation to the City Asylum. In a day or two he was a corpse.

Having received a quasi authority from a corporate municipal body officiating within the lines of their charter, to send varioloid patients to the Hospital, they arrogate, they usurp the power to invade homes, despite the will of the owners; to enact searches and inquisitions; to arrest the sick as if they were criminals; to remove them from their homes and incarcerate them, as if they were criminals, where a sinister prestige impended; under pretense of being invested with a plenipotentiary power on matters pertaining to salubrity, they enact atrocities of such barbaric hue that they seem to run so intimately into crimes called felonies that it becomes difficult to detect the line of separation.

Then the new era becomes remarkable by a compulsory hospital; by military strategic positions taken to secure patients; by military operations undertaken to capture them; by military force to imprison them; by treating sickness as crime and inflicting on the sick the vengeance of criminal law, viz: invasion of homes, arrests, imprisonments and mostly death.

It may be deemed a redeeming feature, an oasis in the cruelty: A child visited with the complaint, one which God made it heir to, is visited with the same retribution—his domestic rights, his need of paternal care are no defense; his little affrighted body is searched, inspected, a spot, a pimple, a blister found anywhere is evidence enough; the little creature is arrested, severed from its parents, abducted and imprisoned where hope parts company with him at the door. From an invader of such ruthless tendencies husbands and wives could expect no mercy, their only means of defense being tears, prayers, entreaties—weapons seldom effective against the steel armour of a military corps—seldom capable of penetrating the traditional cruelty of the Captain and his men. The janissaries having taken their strategic positions and detailed expressly to scout, reconnoiter, the incursions and invasions, are unremittent—they are very many, they still figure under the name of "Inspections" in the Board of Health reports. The enemy they were in quest of were the small-pox patients. The pursuit knew no respite; the chase was a lucrative one. It was \$50 a head—young or old it was \$50 a head—black or white it was \$50 a head—live or die it was \$50 a head—live one hour or two it was \$50 a head—dead or alive it was \$50 per head.

Strange co-incidence the ordinance of \$50 a head and the multiplication of Boards of Health inaugurated synchronously; strange co-incidence \$50 a head and a compulsory hospital; strange co-incidence \$50 a head and the establishment of military posts to depredate on the innocent sick; this persecution of the sick as if they were criminals; this denunciation of sickness as if it were a crime, and this meting out on the innocent sick the fell vengeance of criminal law, viz: invasions, inquisitions, arrests, imprisonment and all but death.

A word or two on the invasions, arrests and imprisonments, and then we will take a peep at the compulsory Hospital, to which the innocent sick denounced as criminals were committed.

DOMICILIARY VISITS.—In New Orleans, a City having such intimate relations with Great Britain, it is strange that a few officials should proclaim weekly, from an office on Canal Street, the great number of domiciliary visits and inquisitions which they have made, without creating surprise or indignation; that they should promulgate the many incursions and invasions inflicted by them on innocent people without incurring reproach or remonstrance; that they should arrogate, usurp the power of invading sick homes, tramping upon home security—the most cherished right to which every man is wedded—without eliciting a response or a murmur. In all nations this sacred right is entwined with every fibre in the heart and soul of every individual. In Great Britain it assumes a magnitude which surpasses that of the Government and the Crown. In this Empire, co-extensive with the track described by the sun on the earth, the most destitute, the most humble, feels his home his castle, his kingdom. No matter how small, how contracted those precincts may be within them he feels himself a monarch of all he surveys, and in consequence feels within himself the pride, grandeur and nobility of lord and king. For supreme master within those hallowed precincts, neither lord or potentate can invade them without his permission, despite his will. In this Empire this sacred right is not an empty vaunt or feeling; it is practically superior to any privilege conferred on or inherent in the Aristocracy, the Parliament or the King. In this realm the proprietor has the power of life or death over any or every intruder, invader or transgressor, who should have the temerity to desecrate the hallowed precincts of his home. The realm recognizes his right to avenge the transgression by inflicting on the forcible intruder death, the extreme penalty of the law. In this instance the aggrieved becomes invested with the three essential functions of supreme power—the legislative, judicial and executive—feels with pride the dignity, the power of State conferred upon him, and responds in emotions of gratitude and fervent homage to the sovereign of those realms, who awards so solemn a recognition to this feeling of home sanctity, so entwined in the soul of every man that has a soul. Then domestic intrusion, invasion, despite the will of the owner, ranks in magnitude of offense with foreign hostile invasion for predatory purposes, which naturally incurs, in like manner, a summary vengeance. In magnitude of offense it surpasses felony, which incurs forfeiture of estates, life and attainder, but only through forms of law, whereas the other incurs summary vengeance at the discretion of the aggrieved.

This home security, home impregnability, except for crime, when the tenant is a criminal which assumes such proportions in Great Britain, is echoed in the Constitution of the United States, but it appears to sleep there without much promise of waking.

ARRESTS.—The home invaded and searched, invasion and inquisition enacted, and the guilty party found, they arrest him or her or the child—they arrest either as a criminal, for the crime of having a simple complaint which nature entailed on them. Arrest them as criminals! The very thought would seem to wake up in the soul a seething indignation. The most dire, abhorrent penalties incurred by wretches for perpetrating the most atrocious crimes, are now meted out on the innocent sick, because they are sick. For being sick first

his home is invaded and searched; and now his person and soul are taken possession of; are arrested and the patient is made a prisoner. A prisoner, he has underwent the torture, the degradation of having become the property of another. For no matter how brutal the fellow who has made the arrest may be, the relations of master and slave have now been established between him and his prisoner. Superior and exalted though the prisoner may be, in the presence and in the hands of his peeler captor he becomes an inferior, a manacled slave. His body is reduced to the condition of an inert mass; his soul humiliated, compelled to seek shelter in its own depths, is reduced to a recoiling, abject, tacit, submissive condition; denied the power to experience an emotion, to give birth to a thought, or entertain an ambition.

Thus metamorphosed, reduced to a soulless mass, to a state of inertia, gravitation alone remaining with him, he is wrested from home and family ties and consigned to a lugubrious dungeon, where the air is redolent of death, and where, against his will, he is compelled to enter and stay. Having been arrested he is now imprisoned, which is the state of being arrested continued, made permanent; tempered only by the absence of the abhorrent peeler. This absence for a moment makes him think that his person and soul are restored to him; but the next moment he discovers that their play is but little; that immured, they are limited to the walls of his prison—a charnel-house, where sin, dark deeds and death vie for precedence.

If domiciliary intrusion and search despite the will of the owners, without warrant of crime, be an atrocity surpassing felony and entailing the capital, summary vengeance which the foreign depredator provokes, what name can define, what retribution can equal the forcible seizure of the person of an innocent man and the extinction of his soul? No atrocity can equal; no retribution can atone for the arbitrary seizure of the person of an innocent man and the extinction of his soul—that portion of the divinity which animates him; more grave, more cruelly grave when that innocent man is sick and at the mercy of humanity.

Let us now take a look at the Hospital, the charnel-house or prison, as we have sometimes designated it. We will begin by giving their own testimony in relation to its site, its constructions, its dimensions and its divisions, and see whether, in their own opinion, it was calculated to kill or cure the innocent prisoners condemned to go, to enter and sojourn there. An article in the *Republican*, of New Orleans, dictated, if not written by Dr. White, President of Board of Health, states as follows: "Dr. Anfoux's Hospital, which has the special encouragement of the City Council, is situated far out on Common Street; it is a one-story, oblong building, made of rough planks, put together with no art. The interior is little better than the exterior, being neither plastered nor weatherboarded. It is partitioned off into small apartments, sufficiently wide to contain a small bed and standing room for two or three persons. They remind one of cells in a lock up. On the grounds is not a single tree or anything refreshing to the eye, save the parched grass. The rays of the sun fall with full force on the building and grounds, making the place as hot as the levee." Another sentence says: "It is wrong to send patients to the swamp and confine them in buildings so uncomfortable as to make well persons sick." Another sentence says: "And things were sometimes found to be going wrong." Very candid admissions, indeed! Apartments like cells in a lock up; wide enough for a small bed and standing room for two, not more than three; enough to make well persons sick; and things were sometimes found to be going wrong. If the contractive cells, etc., to which the innocent prisoners were condemned were enough to make well persons sick, they could not make sick persons well; especially creatures who have been already subjected to ultra inhumanities. If calculated to make well persons sick, they must have been calculated to make sick persons die. "And things were sometimes found to be going wrong." Thus, in addition to the deleterious effect of the contracted cells, the swamp and sun exposure, other means were resorted to to aggravate the condition of the prisoners. Pity they did not mention what they were. Patients go to a hospital to get well; if matters go wrong the reverse must follow—they die. If things are not such as tend to cure, they must tend to lead to fatal results. The sick are balanced between life and death; the means they are subjected to must tend either way. It must be a strange one, the motive which dictated for patients having the same complaint, the division of a long room or house, into contracted cells, like those of a lock-up, with sleeping room only for the patient and three places to stand upon. Tight quarters, indeed.

THE OPINION OTHERS ENTERTAIN OF IT.

Mrs. Gravy, a German lady, says: Her babe, nine months old, on the breast, had the small-pox; had it nine days, and was all but well, when peelers come to her house and insisted that the babe should go to Hospital—the City Hospital. She remonstrated, saying the babe was on the breast and that if the babe had to go, she should go too. They answered, the babe had to go; she might go if she would—in other words, the babe should go; she could go if she would. She went, and says: The place or Hospital was like a stable, no ceiling, nothing over head but the roof—it was the greatest picture of desolation, horror and starvation she ever saw or heard of. It was in winter—February, 1873—it was very cold. There was no fire to give warmth there; there was no nursing or attendance there, and there was no food there. She had her own bedding. She craved some warmth by fire; they said the stove was broken—there was only one stove for the whole house, some two hundred feet long, and no fire in that one. After some days the stove was repaired, then there was no wood, and there was no fire at all. She craved warm water to wash her child—she could get none. She was told to help herself from the cistern, which being too cold she would not use. For nine days, while there, her room had not been swept; none of the rooms were swept; there was no body at night with the patients, and mostly every morning they would be found on the floor dead—some mornings six; some mornings four, two and three, and seldom only one. Calling for water all night and no body answering, they would leave their beds to get some, and not able to return, would die on the floor.

Food.—For food there was none, or so little and so inferior, that what they got could not

be used—was not fit to be used. After four days, for want of food, her milk "dried up"—she had none. She craved for food for herself and got none; she craved for food or meat for herself and got none; she craved for food for her child and got none; she craved milk for her child and got none. On the ninth day the babe died—died of hunger. The child was fast recovering when forced to enter the place; after four days there, the child was perfectly well. She then begged and prayed to be allowed to leave and take her child. She was told she might leave, but the child should stay. Here, then, a lady of respectability, just from the first civilization on earth; from the greatest, most powerful nation on earth, and entertaining the exalted instincts, sentiments and aspirations which the vicinity of thrones, emperors, kings and princes cannot fail to inspire; the inevitable concomitants of power, pomp and grandeur, is condemned to a lugubrious prison replete with effluvia, and consigned to starvation, she and her babe, in the thick of all the horrors which the dying and the dead can inspire. The motive of detaining them when the child was well was a strange one; detaining them to feast on starvation and horrors. The death of the babe saved the mother, and she lives to tell the tale. She lives corner of Gravier and Salcedo Streets.

Mr. Hanson, No. 122 Spain Street, says: He was taken there by force. They took there by force all those similarly affected they could discover. Saw one woman brought there who had not small-pox; she died there. He got no food to speak of; he did not get enough to feed an ant; he could not have held out were it not for the food he purchased by sending the man out for it, and for the food sent to him by his friends; that he only got one-third of the food sent him from outside.

They made him pay \$3 per day; he paid in all fifty dollars, and they kept his clothes worth \$25—in all \$75. This was a perquisite which swelled the benefits of the hunt. \$50 a head and \$75 for a perquisite. A pay patient became a prize. He escaped with his life, but lost an eye there.

Mr. Peterson, Algiers, was taken there. They used intimidation, force and persuasion to take him there. At home he was doing well, had his physician; was in comfortable circumstances—he needed no charitable aid for hospital purposes. He had to go; he lived fourteen days there and died on the fifteenth. Mrs. Peterson, his wife, says: The place was teeming with horror; the rooms unswept, the smell was very bad; the patients were locked up in small rooms, ballooning and craving for water—it was worse than an insane asylum. She saw no nursing there or so little, she might say so. She went daily to see her husband and never found any one with him; he became insane and would stray in the yard; he took a cold there. They would permit her to stay and nurse him by day—by night, no. The night he died they would not allow her to remain with him. He was only able to take food for a few days, but during that time received none fit for use. She used to send and take him the necessary food.

They made her pay \$3 per day and kept a new mattress from her worth \$10 and all his clothes worth \$10. They allowed her to bring away two quilts and two blankets, by paying a fee of fifty cents for each article. She paid \$64 in all. A perquisite enhancing the profits of the chase. \$50 for the head and \$64 for the perquisite. What a snug privilege that of capturing patients at the rate of \$50 per head, and perquisites all they could wring from those able to pay.

Mr. Saml. Bell resides on Dorgenois Street, between Banks and Palmyra, and says: I was mostly well when they discovered me; my employer offered to pay a fine or ransom money if they did not remove me. They refused entreaties and money, and forced me into a frightful wagon and drove off so furiously that my hands and arms become stripped. I begged and prayed the driver to drive slowly; he answered "go to hell," and he drove more furiously still. When I got there they took my bedding from me and gave me very inferior bedding. For supper they gave me water sweetened with molasses; it looked like charcoal dust. For breakfast the same, and for dinner water and grease, which they called soup. I was there three days and two nights; the third I made my escape—I ran away.

Mrs. Mitchell and son were taken there; the son died. She said he died from starvation. She saved herself by running away, making her escape by paying for a buggy to bring her away. She heard the nurse and a patient fighting there—the patient wanted to get back the money he gave him for safe keeping. The nurse knocked him down; the patient was dead the next day. This lady kept a paper stand on Carondelet street. I don't know where she lives now.

The above would seem to be strong evidence that an abundance of proper food was not one of the advantages there; on the contrary, that the want of food was such as may create a fear if not a positive danger of starvation.

COLOR.—Mrs. Millie Simmons, is a colored lady, resides on Common Street, a few squares this side of the Hospital. She lost her husband there. She used to nurse her husband by day; they would not allow her to nurse by night—they compelled her to go home at night. She would cover him with the sheet, blanket and quilt on leaving at night; in the morning she always found the quilt and blankets to have been removed from him at night and put on a vacant bed—the sheet alone would be on him. This was the case every morning; looked as if it were done expressly to chill him to death. It was in winter; it was very cold. The nurses would play cards all day—if called they would answer insultingly. Said her husband died of cold and neglect. That it was done expressly to kill him. In the disease he became blind and could not see where the clothes were put.

Mrs. Lewis was a patient there and recovered. She said the nurses used to beat the patients; that they used to put them on wet mattresses, and on mattresses without sheets; that when delirious they would give a medicine to quiet them at night and the following morning they would be dead; that they would be in a sitting position, and so stiff, so rigid, that to put them in the coffin their bones should be broken with a hatchet or an ax; that then death by poisoning was believed. Said the belief was general among the patients that they had a bottle, the effects of which were fatal to those who got it, and that many got the benefit of it.

Joe Gardner was a patient there. He says: He heard the nurse tell a patient who was restless that unless he remained quiet he would give him some of the black bottle; that the

nurse soon after went to that patient's room and after that the patient remained so still all night that he, Gardner, thought he was dead; but he groaned in the morning and died that day. That a belief prevailed among the patients, that a tea or a bottle was often used to produce fatal effects.

Mrs. Mannack, a colored lady, who lives in the vicinity of the Hospital and is quite conversant with all that transpired there, says: That the nurses used to beat the patients; that when only one patient was dead they did not have him buried until they had several, or two or three; that, in consequence, the smell and flies in the vicinity surpassed any notion that language could convey of it; that in wet weather the city wagon, bringing the patients there, would come down Canal Street and when opposite the Hospital, the driver would make the patients get out and walk, rather to wade, in mud and water to the Hospital, a distance of five squares. That the nurses did not remain there at night. They would leave there every night and before leaving would lock the patients up in their bunks or cells, committing them to weal or woe, to the mercy of chance or accident until morning, when they would unlock the prisoners—oh, no! the patients. That then the dead were generally found; rather that was the time the greatest mortality took place, became visible. That very many were then found dead and in a sitting position, as if alive; but so stiff, so rigid that a hatchet or axe had to be used to break their bones, in order to be able to coffin them; that a white man, named Adolph, told her that when patients seemed to be getting on well, they had a bottle to give them at night, and that those to whom it was given were always dead in the morning.

This corroborates the statement of Mrs. Lewis. Found dead in the morning so stiff, so rigid—so rigid that an axe should be put in request to overcome this rigidity. Here the deeds of atrocity, of horror culminate and murder will speak. The patients locked up at night; found dead in the morning; found in a sitting position in the bed, as if not dead, stiff and rigid; so stiff, so rigid that their bones had to be broken with an axe. What can cause a death of that character? What can cause a corpse to sit up and become stiff, rigid? What can cause such a rigidity when dead? What can cause such a position when dead? It can be told, it can be known, for in the three kingdoms of nature there is but one substance which can do it. Can disease, could disease cause it? No complaint can cause a post-mortem rigidity of that character. Tetanus alone can give a rigidity during life, but not of the character mentioned. Can a medicine do it? No; a medicine is what tends to cure a complaint—what kills is a poison. Nothing in the animal kingdom can do it; nothing in the mineral kingdom can produce a similar phenomena. There is only one substance in the vegetable kingdom which can do and which does it. Hence that substance can be known, is known—and hence murder will out.

Mrs. Romero, on Common Street, next to the Marine Hospital, when speaking of the Hospital, manifests emotions and speaks in accents of horror. She says in the dead of night a man with only a sheet on him rapped at her neighbor's house and prayed for water. He said he escaped from the Hospital; that they had him in a box for burial; that he broke the lid off and escaped. The watchman returned him, thinking he was insane.

She says another was found lying under a wagon opposite her house, also covered with a sheet only. The poor man told the same story as the above. That he was confined for burial; that he broke off the lid and escaped, and he prayed for help. They were afraid of him; he was also returned. Neither saw the outside world again. And only a short before the cadaverous refuge was closed the City shuddered, became a prey to a surprise teeming with horror, as the report of a reputed crime, enough to startle the Christian or Pagan world, swayed to and fro, namely, "The Murder of a man in the Coffin," while being taken for burial. Credibility became taxed, but the reports reached the consistency of a "True Bill," before the grand jury.

Then the question presents itself, was death, the extreme penalty, indicted in this lugubrious prison where hunger and cold claimed victims; where accumulated effluvia and want of cleanliness contended for their share; where dark, sinister surmises so heavily impended; where wives, respectable ladies nursing their husbands were denied the privilege of remaining by night; where a long room or house, intended for patients having the same complaint, was cut up, divided into small cells or boxes; where the boxes were locked up at night and the inmates, the innocent prisoners, committed to the mercy of accident or chance until the following morning—an abode abandoned by all during the night save the sick locked up in their boxes; where the boxes, when opened in the morning a crop of corpses stared the fiendish jailer; where conclusive evidence of having perished by the most deadly poison the three kingdoms of nature can furnish, equally stared the horrid culprit; where the rigidity approaching that of iron or wood and the accompanying sitting posture told, revealed in the unrelenting, inevitable language of nature, the poison that was used, administered; where many patients of the disease in question, committed to mattresses without sheets, incurred the liability of introducing the morbid matter of one into the other, a very dangerous and fatal occurrence; where the sick creatures in going thereto, some perhaps in a dying condition, were compelled to get out of the wagon and wade in mud and water some four or five squares in order to reach the ghastly charnel-house?

Should the question be answered in the affirmative, the next presents itself in bold relief: Have we in our midst Modocs worse than those of the lava-beds? Have we in our midst ghouls worse than those of old, who, not content with their ravages on the dead, have extended their depredations to the innocent sick, not yet dead, to increase the number of their subjects and to swell their lurid gains? And yet those gents of the trinity enactment, of the trinity alliance, while reeking with crimes that surpass felonies; while reeking with atrocities which no language can define, which no vengeance could expiate, pretended to be busy preventing sickness while doing their utmost to flood the City with disease—with contagion. This I will explain in the next number of this small exposé, unless killed in the meantime.

Such was the unhallowed concern as conducted by the City Council and their auxiliaries, the planks of health. For eight years, since removed from the Luzenberg Hospital, the concern, under the special encouragement of the City Council, though designated City Hospital, figured as the property of Dr. Anfoux, under his control and representing his exclusive interest. In



1872 the State Legislature suppressed the thing and restored the unhappy sick to the Luzenberg Hospital, where safety, humanity and science, in their essence awaited them. Then and only then the actual power behind the curtain gradually came into view. Mr. Delassen, of the Flanders City Council, took advantage of some trivial informality to resist the law, and in defiance of it continued the pet hospital. The informality removed, and the Wiltz City Council having been installed, they boldly, defiantly, not only resisted, trampled upon the law, but took the cherished thing into their arms; took charge of it and ran it themselves. The Wiltz Council having expired, the succession fell to the Leeds Council, and they, in like manner, found the hospital to be a darling, and ignoring, defying the law equally, they embraced it with still more tender regards, ran it, dispensing its behests themselves, and only surrendered the patients to the Luzenberg Hospital when two decisions of the Supreme Court made it imperative.

But having surrendered the patients they in no wise have relaxed in their opposition and in their efforts to restore the darling pet. Their opposition is a tangible one. They send the patients and they keep the pay for themselves. Very effective opposition indeed! Now to restore that focus of pestilence, teeming with sin, the first Legislative Session had scarcely dawned when the Hon. L. A. Wiltz, quondam Mayor, introduced a bill to resuscitate the cherished object, and appealing in a flood of eloquence, and in the name of "truth, economy and humanity," he overwhelmed the House and his resurrection bill passed with a momentum; but the Senate, with more success than Canute had, stemmed the tidal wave. As Madame Roland once did, well might a person exclaim: O Truth, Economy and Humanity, how many crimes are enacted in thy name. The symbols of virtue used to cloak an institution of such hue and dye.

On the 3d of June, 1875, fifteen months ago, they closed their Hospital, sending the patients since to the Luzenberg. The disposition of the Leeds Council to the defunct officials and retainers is worthy of attention. The strategic sites, the military posts, are yet maintained. The dogs of war are kept, in "cash," ready for the chase. They continue the salary of the man who did the doctoring, \$250 per month—\$4,600 in all to date. They continue the salary of the peeler doctors, the whippers in, \$700 per month; \$12,000 in all—\$16,000 for the fifteen months, though not having a patient to stiffen or a hunt to endorse. But they have faith in a resurrection day; and the peeler doctors, ever and anon, allow some muffled murmurs, wailings to escape them to inspire, "quien sabe," in the animals eager for the chase, a hope of a restoration of their sport on an early day, when the formidable chief of the darling Hospital will be chief of the Senate of the ensuing Legislature, and when any one having the temerity to eviscerate his tidal wave, in order to discover the crime, the guilt, the mortal sin hiding, lurking, seething, fermenting within, will meet disaster; will be visited with a fate as cruel as that of Lycoan, who doubted the contents of the Grecian horse.

In review I beg to call attention to the painful incident which attests the baneful interference of the Board of Health; to the trinity enactment pregnant with evil; to the horror of a compulsory hospital; to the horror of military posts established to feed it; to officers of criminal law, peelers being detailed to scout their respective districts in quest of sick creatures, as if they were criminals; to the hunting, unearthing of them as if they were beasts of prey; to hunting them for fifty dollars a head, as if they were buffaloes, antelopes or other wild animals—legitimate sport for the hunters. To the series of aggressions, worse than felonies, perpetrated in order to secure their prey; and finally, to their being consigned to the prison at which we have just taken a glance and which when unveiled exhibits features surpassing in revolting, appalling horror those of the veiled prophet of Koressan, petrifying for a time the human soul, body and mind, while contemplating in frigid awe and dread suspense the rigid corpses in a sitting posture; the rigidity and position revealing in eternal tones that strychnine was administered, and that they, the victims, though corpses, were able to give evidence, fathomless evidence, which the three kingdoms of nature could and would sustain.

END OF THE FIRST NUMBER.

J. J. HAYES,

Surgeon and M.D.

